

MADÉLINE



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LUDWIG BEMELMANS

MADELINE



story & pictures by
Ludwig Bemelmans

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Summary: Madeline, smallest and naughtiest of the twelve little charges
of Miss Clavel, wakes up one night with an attack of appendicitis.

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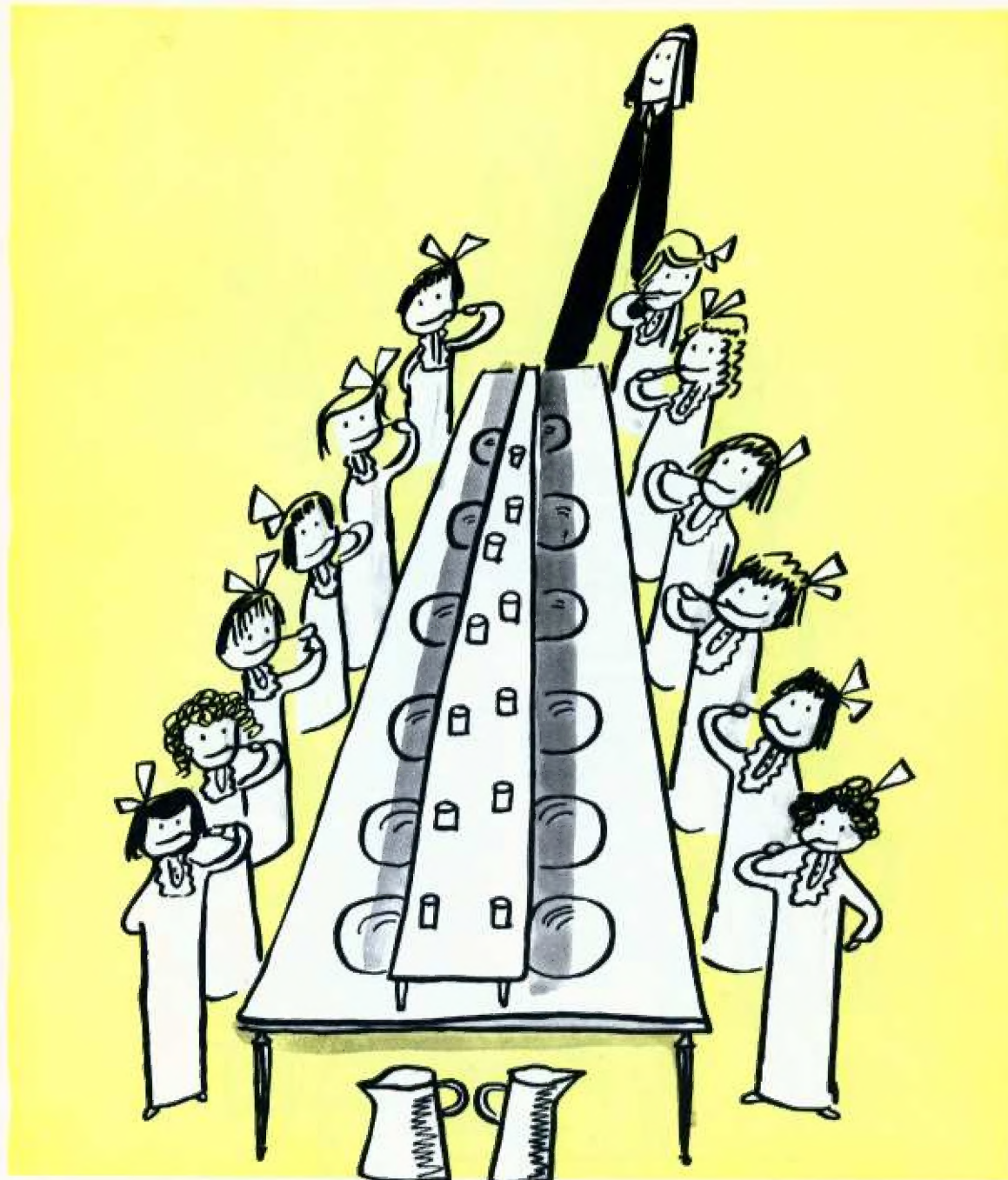
In an old house in Paris
that was covered with vines



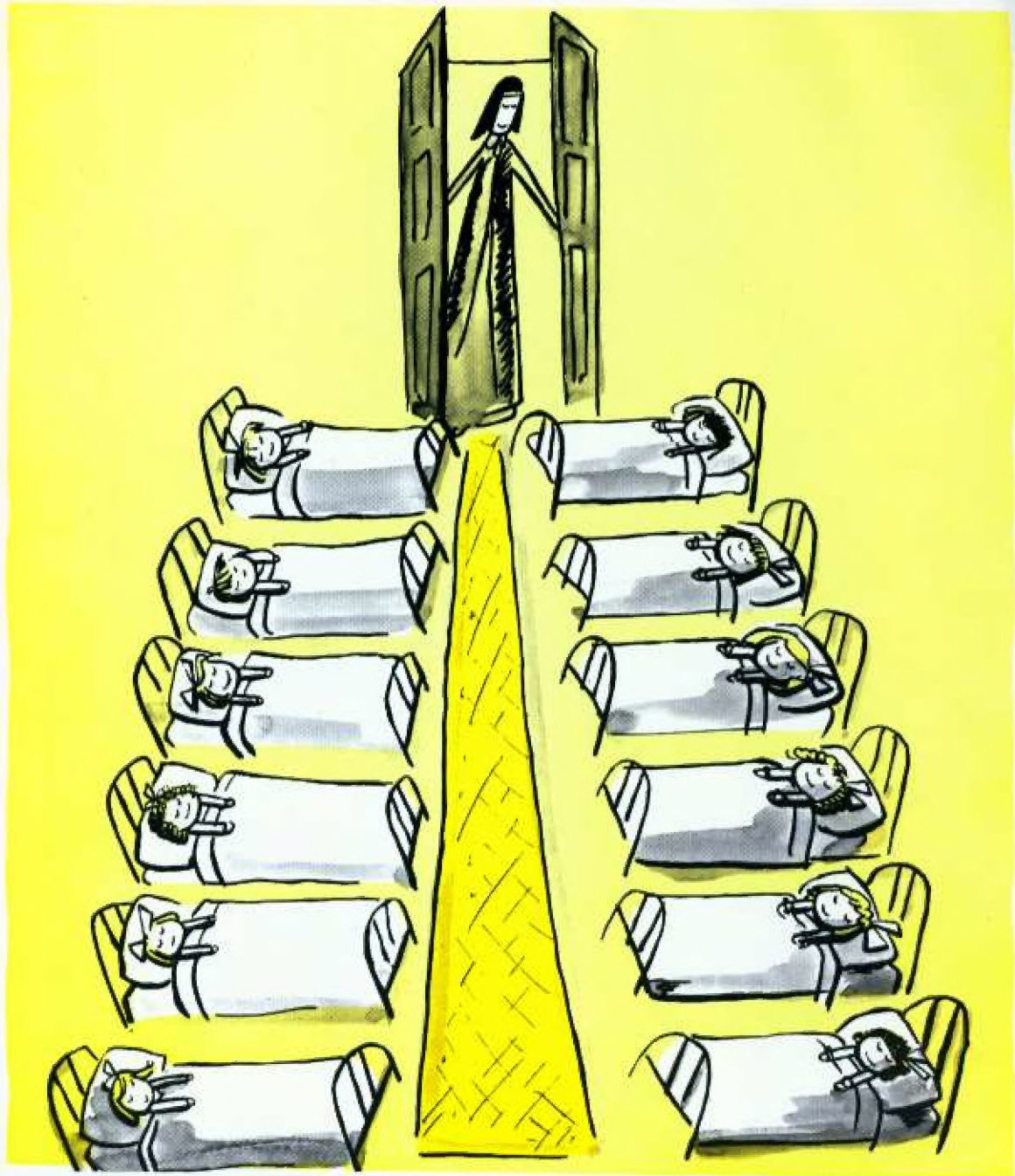
lived twelve little girls in two straight lines.



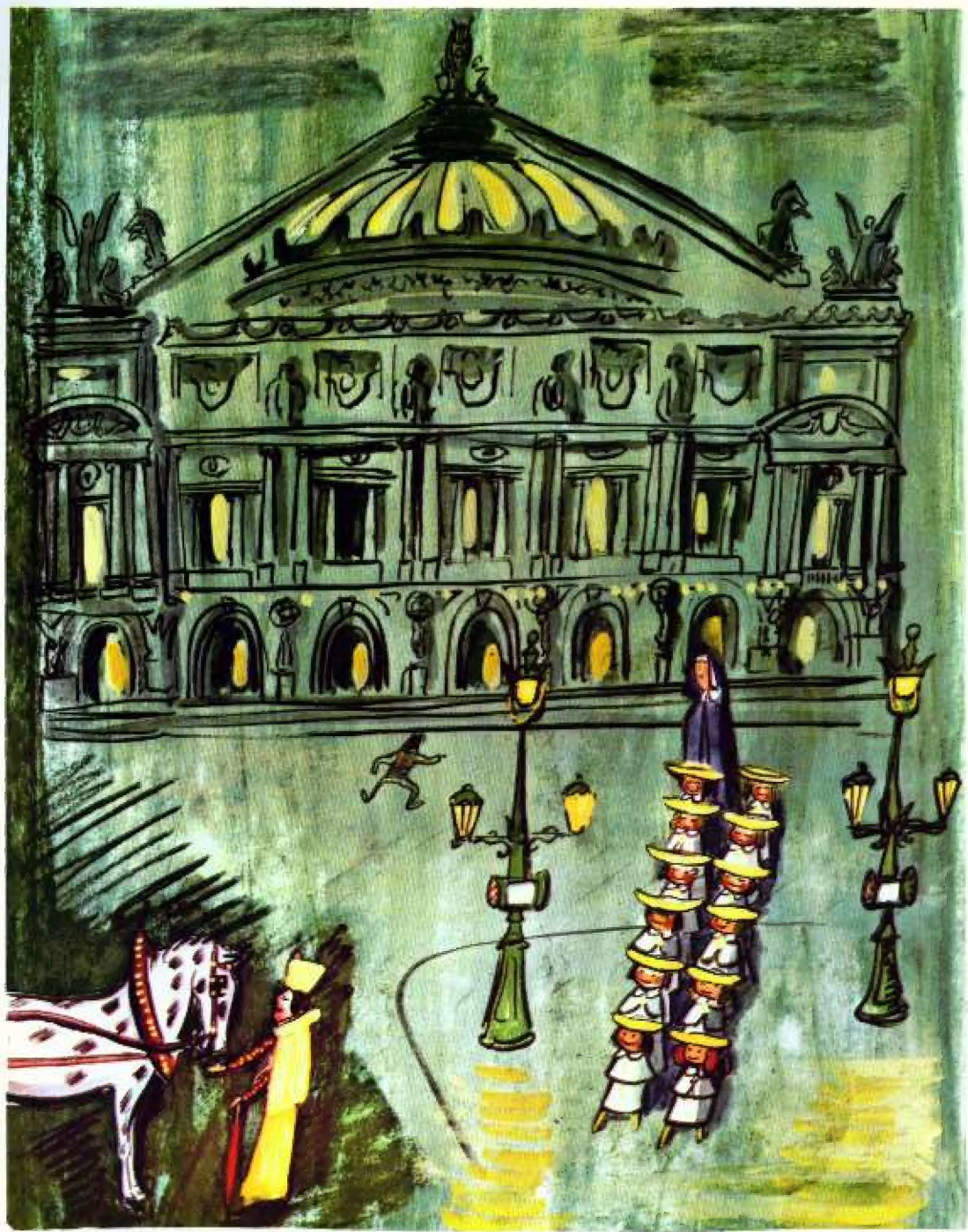
In two straight lines they broke their bread



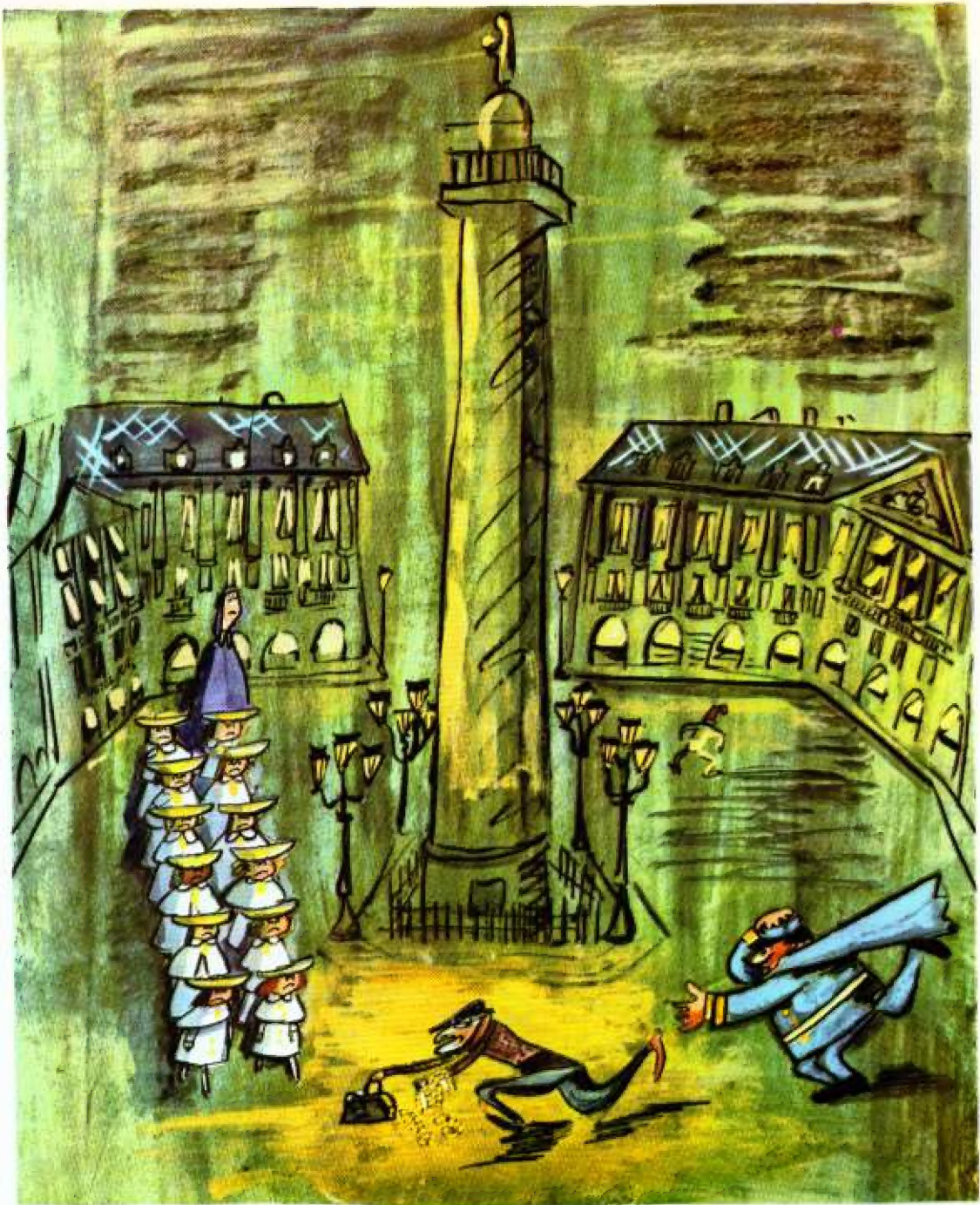
and brushed their teeth



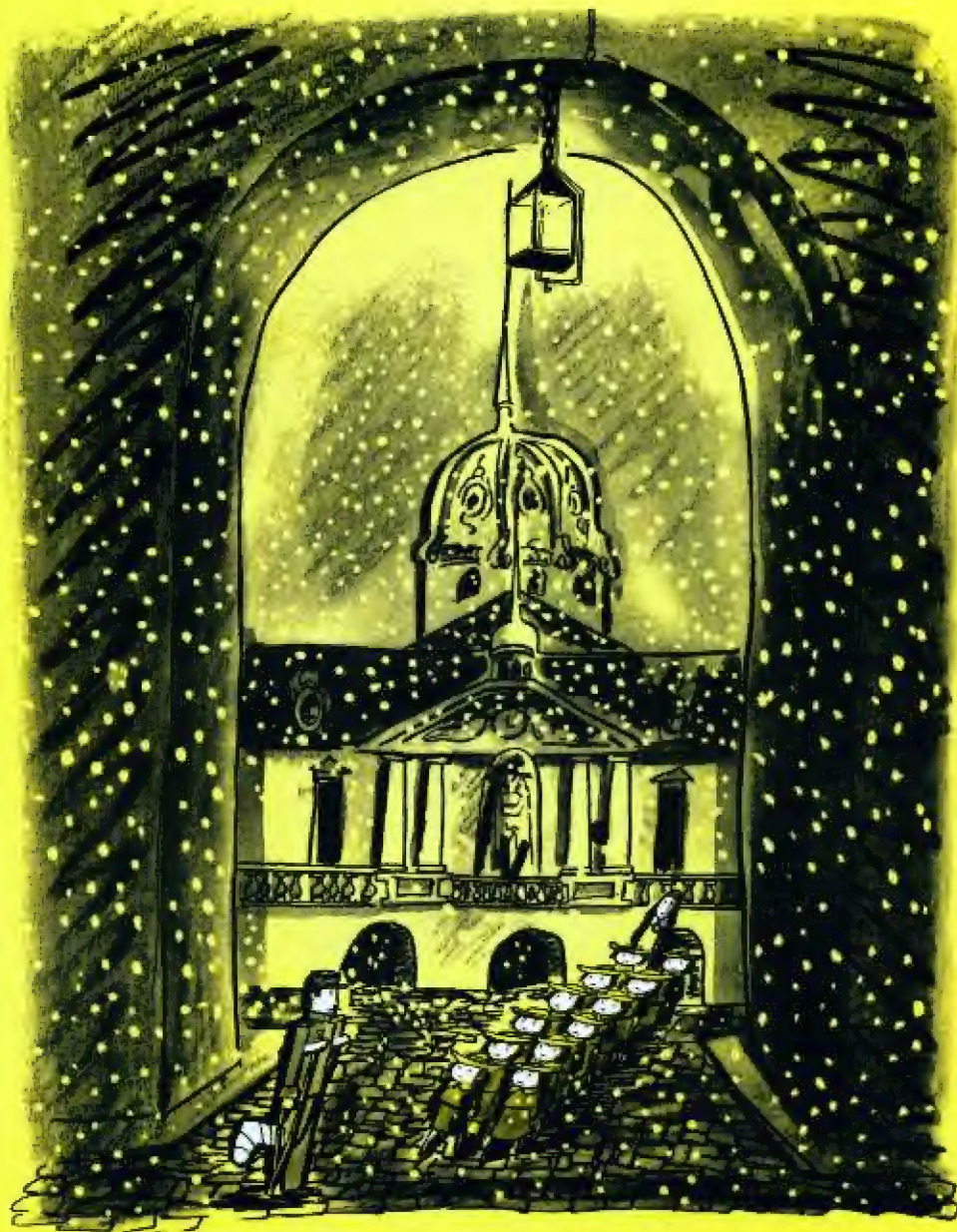
and went to bed.



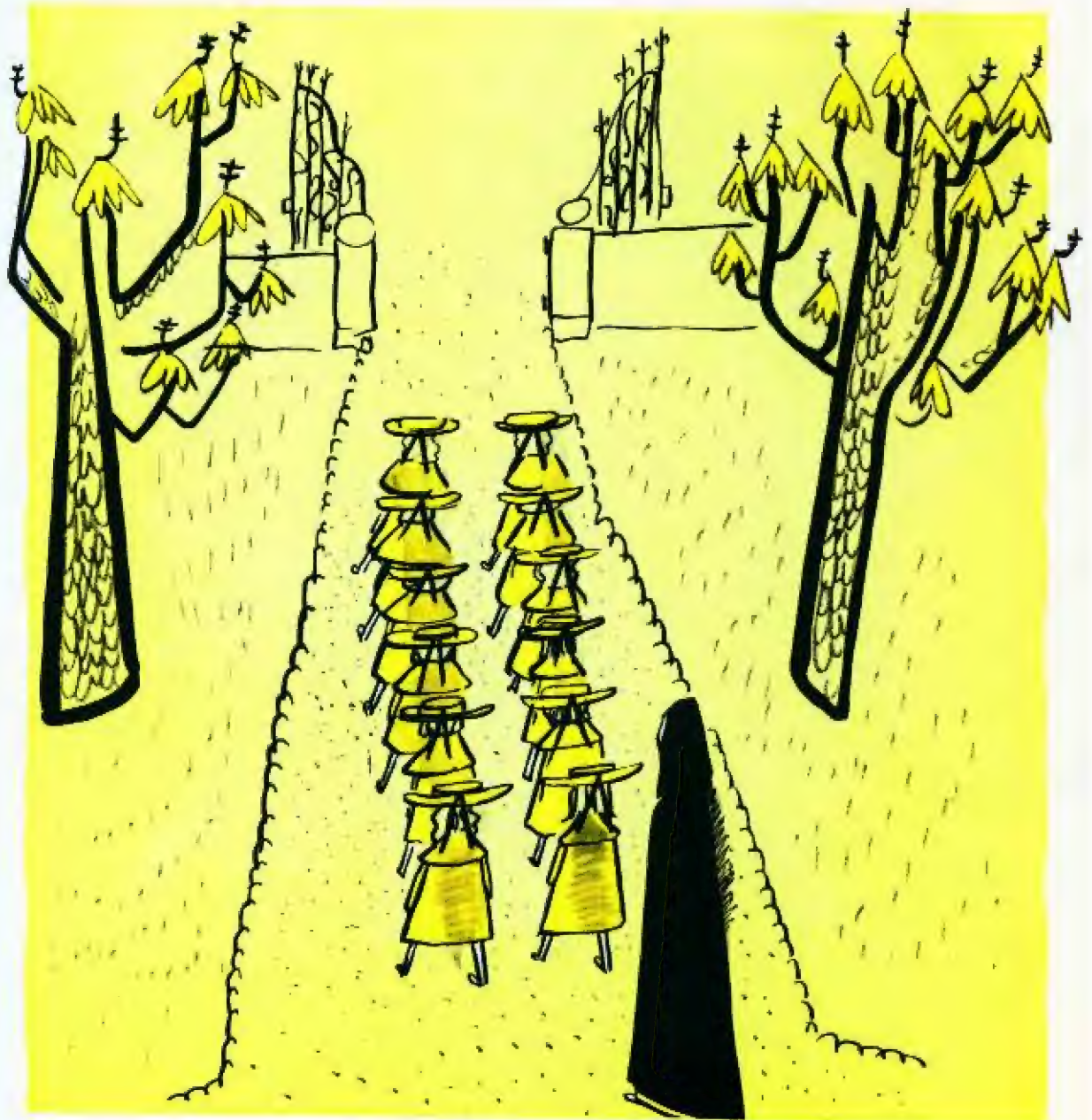
They smiled at the good



and frowned at the bad



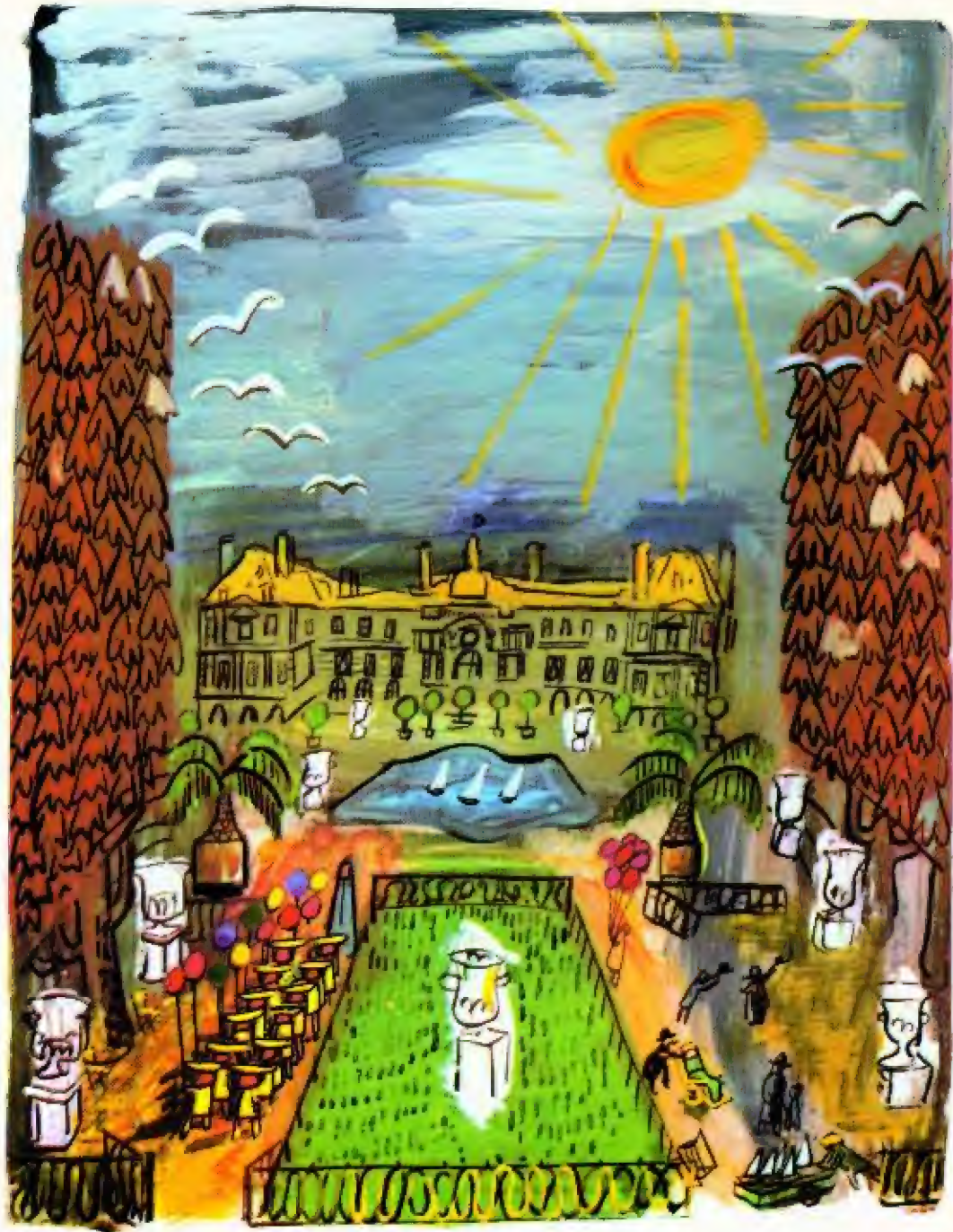
and sometimes they were very sad.



They left the house
at half past nine
in two straight lines



in rain



or shine —



the smallest one was Madeline.



She was not afraid of mice —



she loved winter, snow, and ice.



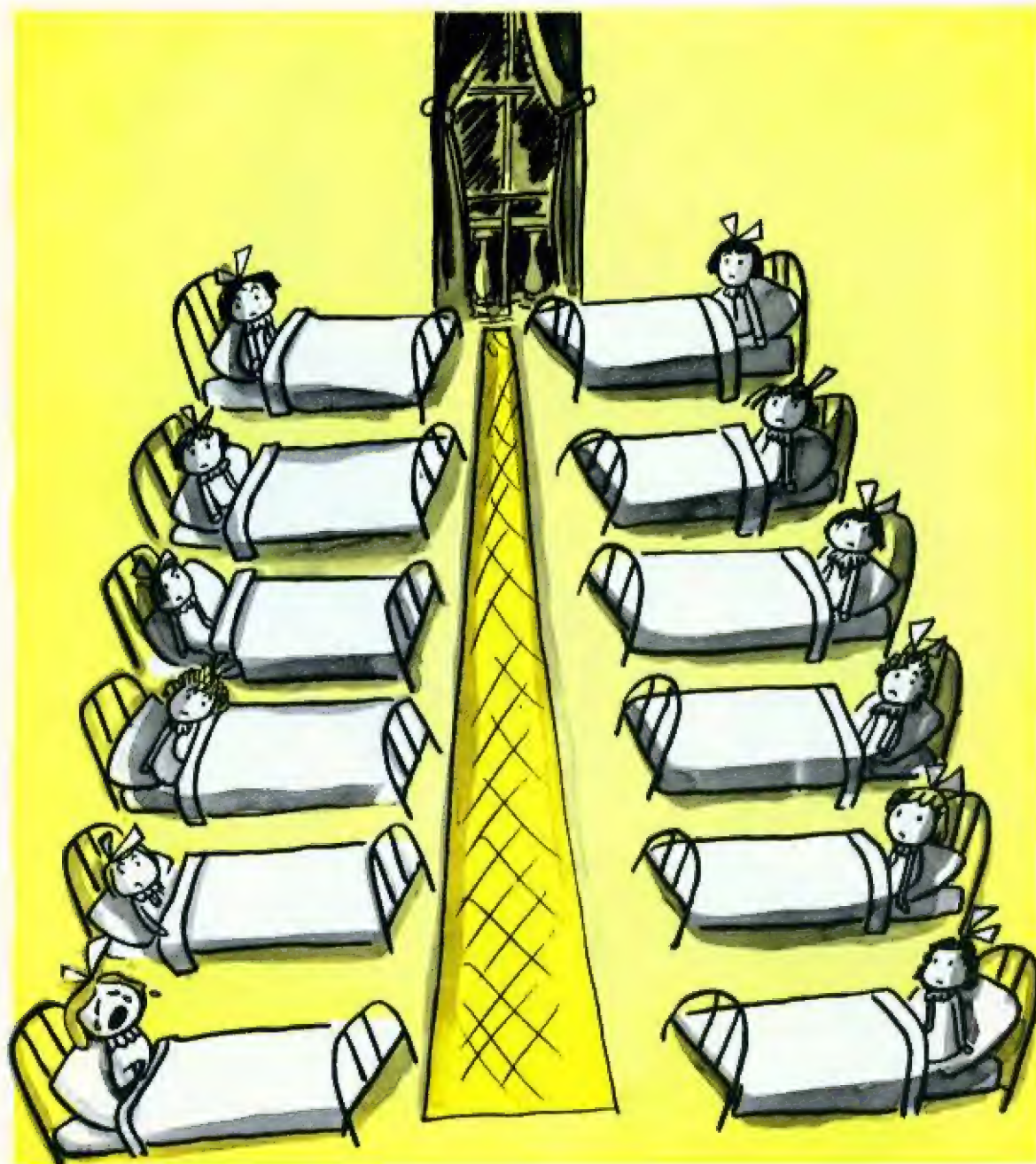
To the tiger in the zoo
Madeline just said, "Pooh-pooh,"



and nobody knew so well
how to frighten Miss Clavel.



In the middle of one night
Miss Clavel turned on her light
and said, "Something is not right!"



Little Madeline sat in bed,
cried and cried — her eyes were red.



And soon after Dr. Cohn
came, he rushed out to the phone,



and he dialed: DANton-ten-six —



"Nurse," he said, "it's an appendix!"



Everybody had to cry —
not a single eye was dry.



Madeline was in his arm
in a blanket safe and warm.



In a car with a red light
they drove out into the night.



Madeline woke up two hours
later, in a room with flowers.



Madeline soon ate and drank.
On her bed there was a crank,



and a crack on the ceiling had the habit
of sometimes looking like a rabbit.



Outside were birds, trees, and sky —
and so ten days passed quickly by.



One nice morning Miss Clavel said,
"Isn't this a fine —



day to visit



Madeline."



VISITORS FROM TWO TO FOUR
read a sign outside her door.



Tiptoeing with solemn face,
with some flowers and a vase,



in they walked and then said, "Ahhh,"
when they saw the toys and candy
and the dollhouse from Papa.



But the biggest surprise by far —
on her stomach
was a scar!



“Good-bye,” they said, “we’ll come again,”



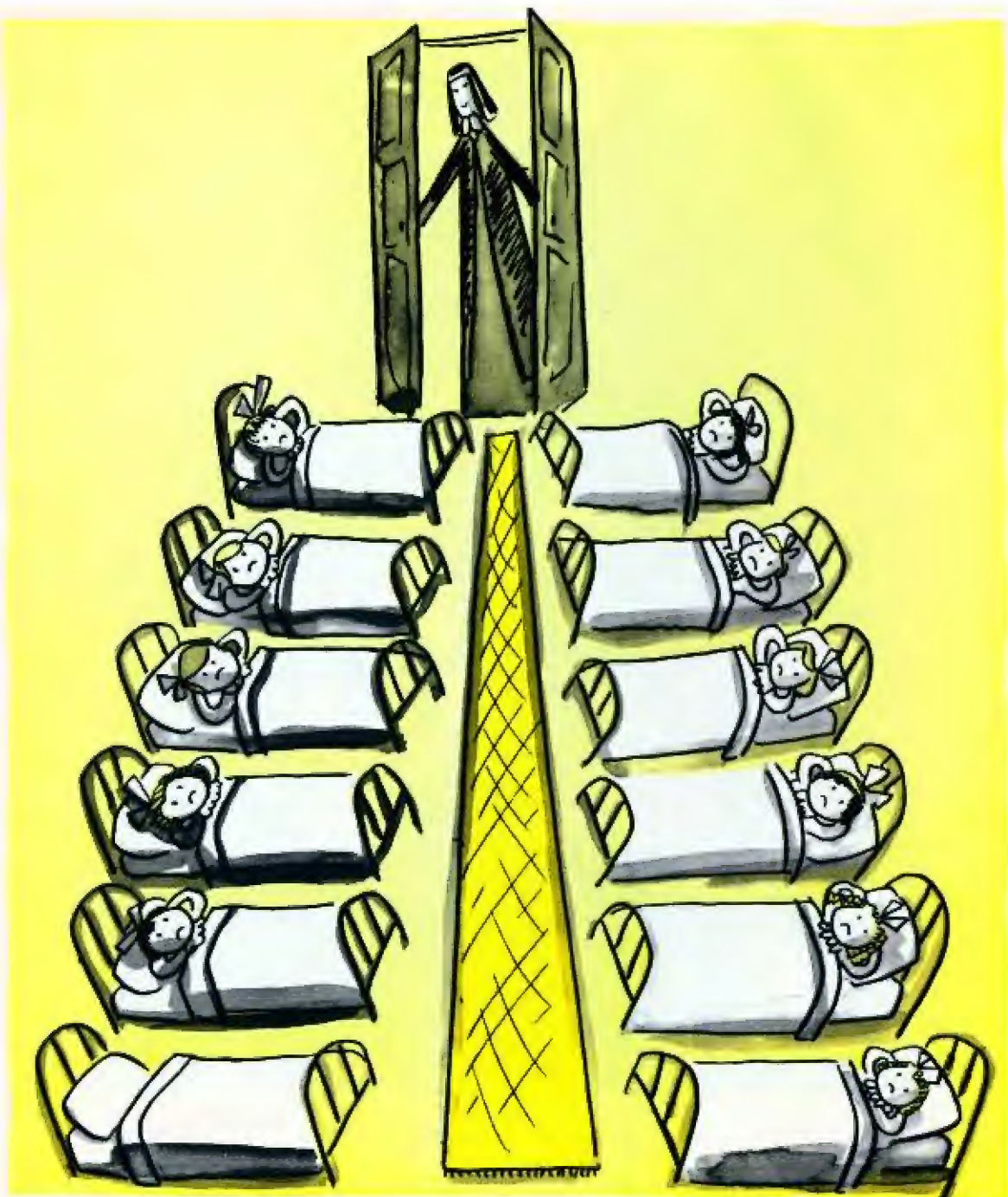
and the little girls left in the rain.



They went home and broke their bread



brushed their teeth



and went to bed.



In the middle of the night
Miss Clavel turned on the light
and said, "Something is not right!"



And afraid of a disaster



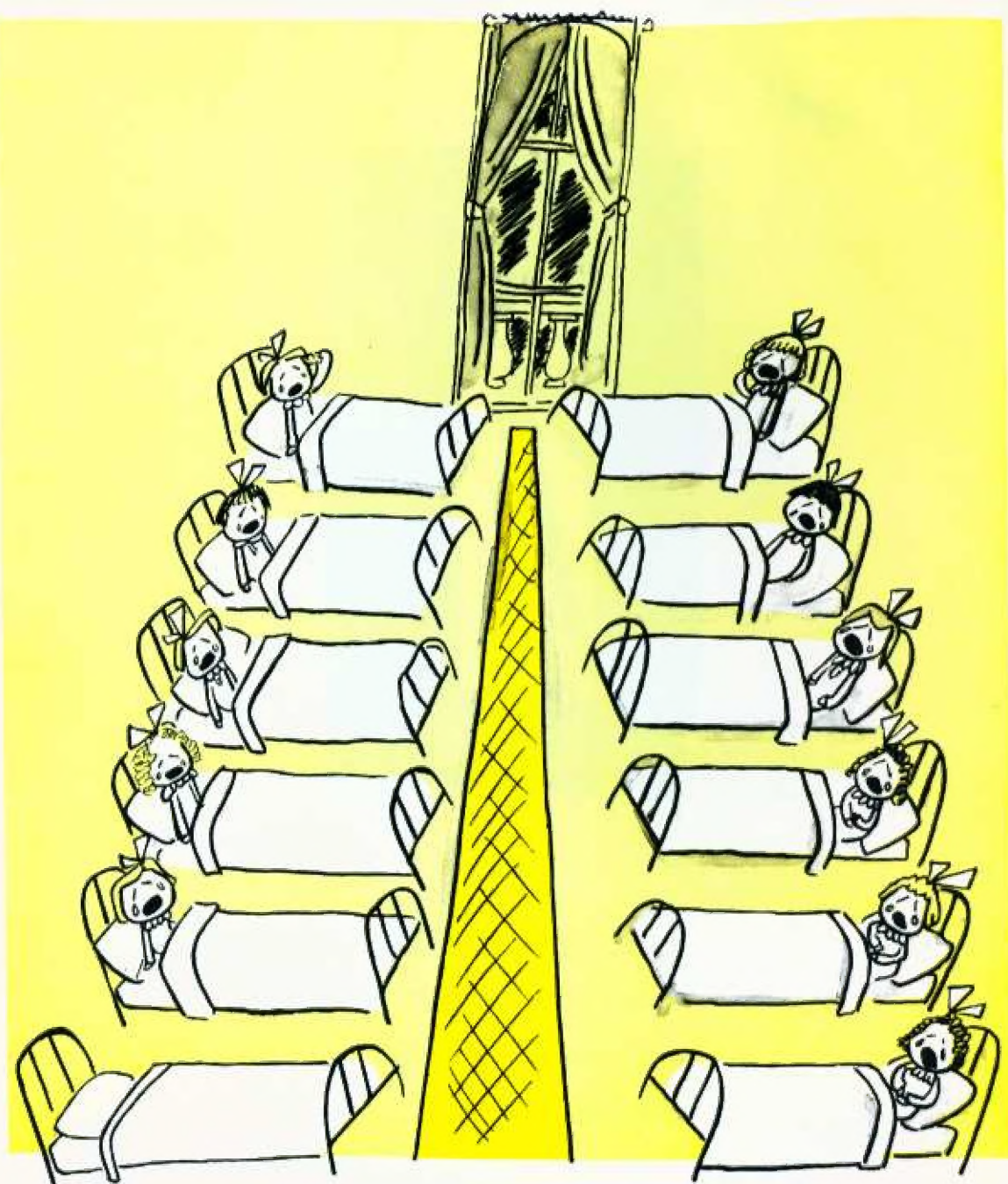
Miss Clavel ran fast



and faster,



and she said, "Please children do —
tell me what is troubling you?"



And all the little girls cried, "Boohoo,
we want to have our appendix out, too!"

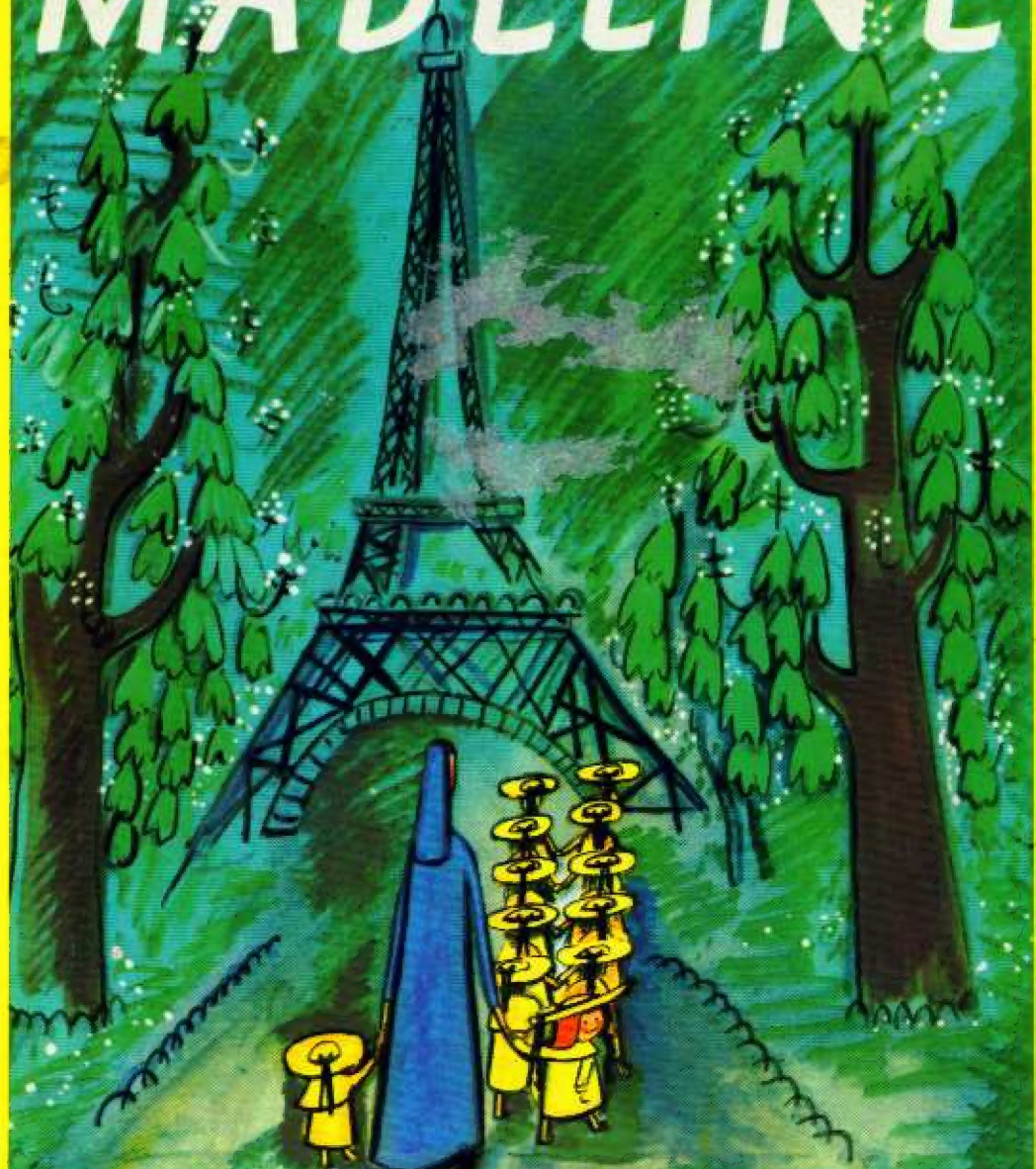


"Good night, little girls!
Thank the Lord you are well!
And now go to sleep!"
said Miss Clavel.

And she turned out the light —
and closed the door —
and that's all there is —
there isn't any more.



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